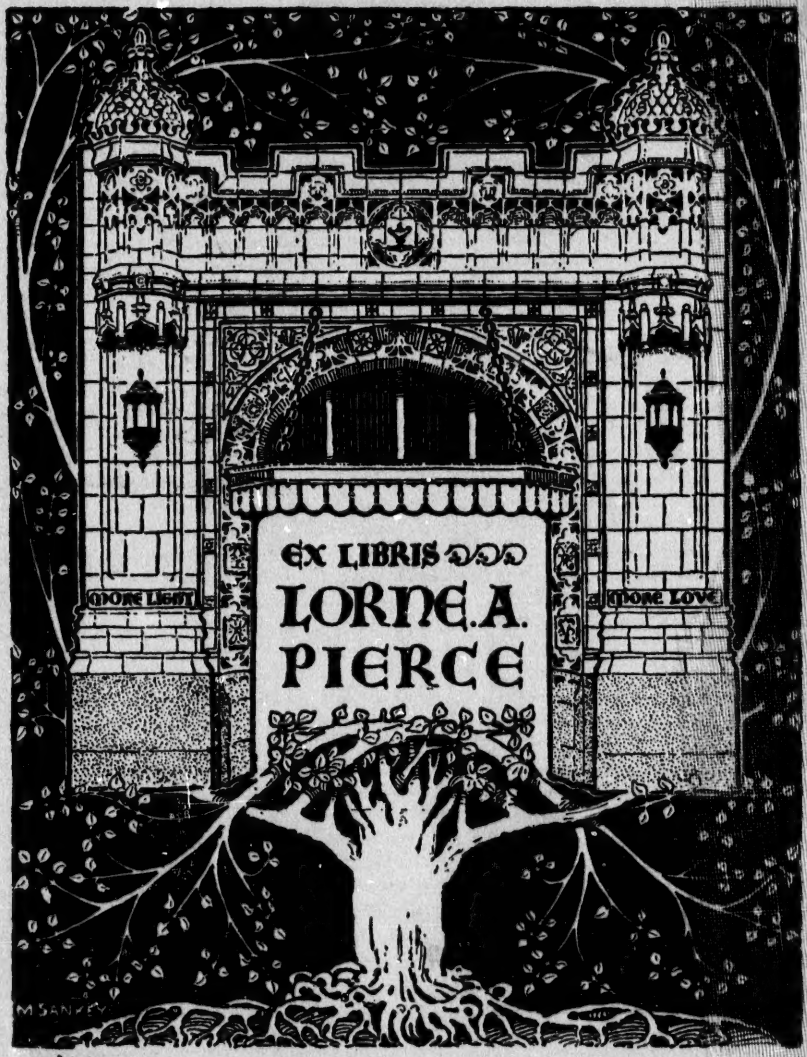

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To my Friends

This is to certify that I, Edward Boyne, was blown up with dynamite, and was left Totally Blind. Was engaged as a foreman, constructing the New York and West Shore Railroad; Contractor Mr. John Hunter, Sterling Valley, Caquago County, N. Y. Doctors Taylor and Smilill, Canajoharie, N. Y.

96253

Do you love Jesus?

Is Jesus precious to your soul?
Speak to your brother by the way,
The gift is better than fine gold
Tell it, then, without delay.

CHORUS:—

At the foot of the cross there is life,
If you look at the crucified one,
Gone is all trouble and strife
For Jesus has victory won.

Lift up Jesus on the cross
Who suffered to redeem our lost,
Repent, believe, and then obey,
Christ will wash your sins away.

I was a rebel in misery and sin
I rejected the great God of love,
But He died my salvation to win,
All glory to Jesus above.

Unworthy I fell at His feet
He bade me arise and go free,
When I look at the cross it is sweet
For Jesus has died to save me.

BOYNE

or the Mission of Garnet Ave., Toronto

e start our mission for Jesus our King,
And loudly His praises we want to sing;
ooking to Jesus, who was crucified
Saviour of sinners, for you and me died.

HORUS :—

Sing praises to Jesus, our Heavenly King,
Our souls for pardon to Jesus we bring;
We are all unworthy, O hear our cry
Lord, in Thy great mercy, pass us not by.

We want Thee, O Jesus, our strength is small,
O renew our strength when on Thee we call;
We are only a little pilgrim band
We claim thy promise for a better land.

esus, I know Thy promises are sure,
O wash away our sins, make our hearts pure,
enew in us Thy spirit, our faith is small
O Saviour, hear us' when on Thee we call.

rom this little mission may souls begin
To cry for mercy to the King of kings,
He always listens to the sinner cry
On His heavenly throne beyond the sky.

A Broken Heart

When thy heart is sorry and full of grief
And vain is man to give thy soul relief,
Go to Jesus in secret, tell him all
The great Physician will hear when you call.

CHORUS :—

Jesus is willing to set thy heart free,
Poor sinner, how much he cares for thee ;
Bring thy poor weary heart broken and sad
Come to Jesus, he will make thy heart glad.

A broken heart, Jesus will not despise,
He ever listens, oh my soul be wise ;
Simply trusting Jesus, he has paid it all
On Calvary's cross, oh hear Jesus call.

Tis finished, and the victory won,
Oh listen and hear the angels song,
Holy, Holy, Holy, cry night aud day
Sinners, Jesus is Truth, life and the way.

Watch, be ready, Christ is coming once more,
To call His bride to the beautiful shore,
Glory to Jesus, all the saints will sing
Crown Jesus forever king of all kings.

BOYNE

Christian Worker

Advance, christian working men
And preach salvation free,
The great God in His love has sent
Jesus to set us free.

CHORUS :—

Cheerfully carry your cross
If you wish to wear the crown,
Keep your face Zionward
With Jesus you will be found.

Live lives of truth and purity
Lift up Jesus on the cross,
Tell all men for a surety
Christ came to seek the lost.

Tell of Jesus' power to save
To keep you pure within,
In mercy, Jesus, His life He gave
To cleanse us from all sin.

Tell of Jesus wondrous love
To seek and set us free,
He left His heavenly throne above
To die and plead for me.

BOYNE

True Light

To know Thee, my God, is life
Cleanse my heart from evil and strife,
Fill my soul with heavenly grace
I would adore Thee, face to face.

CHORUS:—

Keep my heart within Thy loving light
Fill my spirit pure and bright;
Oh may Thy love within me shine
Lead Thou me on, and keep me Thine.

He leads me by the river of life
My soul is kept from sin and strife,
I look away and there behold
My Jesus, and the streets of gold.

Alone with Jesus, I would walk
Commune with Thee and hear Thy talk,
To kneel and worship at Thy feet
And praise Thee on Thy mercy seat.

BOYNE

Will I Pass

When I come to the river alone,
Say, will I pass?
Sorrow and care have flown
Jesus at last.

CHORUS:—

I shall pass with Jesus right through,
And live with the King will you?
In that beautiful city of day,
My brother and sister you may.

When I reach that beautiful gate
Say, will I pass?
To my mansions and royal estate,
With Jesus at last?

I shall worship the great God above
Say, will I pass,
Return His love with love
Home at last?

Then with the redeemed I shall sing
Pardoned and Past,
All glory to Jesus our king
As long as Eternity last.

BOYNE

Bear each other's Sorrow

We each have a cross, dear brother,
And we think we have more than our share
But we could not carry another
God knows how much we can bear.

CHORUS:—

Only tell it to Jesus, brother,
Alone in thy closet be brave,
Open thy heart to Jesus
For Jesus alone can save.

The world cares not for your sorrow
It is very selfish and hard,
They will forget all your troubles to-morrow
Tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

Tell Jesus thy sorrow, my brother
He is acquainted with sorrow and grief,
He will bind up thy wounds, dear brother,
He alone can give you relief.

Humbly carry thy cross, my brother,
If with Jesus you would be found,
Look upward and onward, my brother
Then you will wear the crown.

BOYNE

After Storm, Sweet Rest

Afresh, again, the nails I've driven,
Alas! alas, thy wounds have riven,
My poor soul to Thee I bring
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

CHORUS :—
Thy love hath drawn my soul to Thee
Thou alone can set me free,
Unto Thee I give my heart,
Oh may I never from Thee depart.

I humbly kneel at the foot of the cross
Although my soul is tempest tossed,
Driven about from wave to wave
Thou alone my soul can save.

I bring my burden Lord to Thee
Thou alone can set me free,
I plead for mercy, now, to-day
Do not cast my soul away.

When I look at Thy face divine,
Mercy and grace in Thee I find ;
The raging storm within my breast
Is gone, Sweet rest, sweet rest.

Press Forward

Leave the valley and leave your sins
Take up your cross and the mountain you clim
Look up my brother, do you see the light
At the top, His face is shining so bright?

CHORUS :—

Brightly beams the Saviours face at the top,
Look not behind thee, my brother, do not stop,
Press forward, brother, He pleads for thy soul
To gather thee into His loving fold.

The valley below is all full of sin
Then upward to glory brother begin,
Look not behind thee in the valley below
Brighter is the way as upward you go.

The cross will fall off, thy steps will be bright,
Into thy soul comes the heavenly light ;
Planted within is the master of all
Jesus leads the way, then you cannot fall.

Glory to Jesus His love is untold,
On top of the mountain His face behold ;
My soul looks up at the King of all kings
Eternal ages His praises shall sing.

BOYNE

Keep Me True.

Jesus take my heart, keep it from sin,
Oh wash me, make me pure within,
With Thy holy Spirit feed me
In Thy love oh Jesus lead me.

CHORUS :—
Lead us on oh Saviour King
And loud hosannas we will sing,
Protected by Thy loving care
Then we shall all Thy glory share.

My Jesus, leave me not alone
But with Thy blood my soul atone,
Humble at the foot of the cross
While there, my soul cannot be lost.

When this short span of life is o'er
Then I will my Jesus adore,
And sing His praises evermore
Upon the great Eternal shore.

BOYNE

Rest

Soldiers of Jesus, lay your arms at His feet
The battle is ended the conquest complete,
The laurels you have won now lay by His side
For Christ is your life, your hope and your guid

Resting in Paradise, Jesus, with Thee,
Thy love and Thy beauty we plainly see,
Being taught by Jesus, more glory to know
As into His image and likeness we grow.

Walking with Jesus through streets of gold
Talking with Jesus, sweet peace to thy soul,
Holy love, all undefiled
Pure and innocent as a little child.

Love, purity and truth we find
In this beautiful city, there are no blind,
They need not the light nor the heat of the sun
For the city is illumined by the glorified one.

BOYNE

In the Garden

Alone, Jesus wept and prayed in the garden
To obtain us rebels' pardon,
Not my will, O Father, but thine be done
None could utter these words but God's dear Son.

What pain and agony He bore for man
No mortal flesh could understand,
His hands and feet were nailed to the cross
To redeem all sinners lost.

The sun refused to give his light,
The day was turned as dark as night,
They buried Him in a tomb of stone
The loved disciples how they mourned.

'Tis finished, and the victory won
He has ascended on high to plead for men,
For whosoever will believe
Shall everlasting life receive.

Glory be to God on high
Who gave His son for us to die,
Oh, Holy Spirit, from above
Sweet messenger of God's own love.

Jesus the King of Kings

When thy heart is weary and sad,
Oppressed and in trouble so bad,
And thy soul is troubled within
Go tell it to Jesus the King.

CHORUS :—

Jesus takes all burdens away,
If unto Him you watch and pray,
Relieves thy troubled heart within
For Jesus is the King of kings.

He listens to hear the sinner's cry,
With mercy He is very nigh ;
He loves the sinner's heart to win,
For Jesus is the King of kings.

With out-stretched hands He waits to save,
In love for all his life He gave ;
With hearts uplifted let us sing,
For Jesus is the King of kings.

A Crown of Life, a sure reward
For those who love and fear the Lord,
Glory to God with angels sing,
For Jesus is the King of kings.

BOYNE

The Love of God to Man

I gave My only Son for thee,
He paid the debt and set you free,
Hear His gentle pleading voice
My friend take Jesus as your choice.

CHORUS :—
I'll come to Jesus at the foot of the cross
With sins red as scarlet, guilty and lost,
Thy power is sufficient, in the fountain I'll go
Then Jesus will wash me as white as snow.

My poor lost child come back to me
O how I yearn to set you free,
Onward, take me as your guide
I'll keep thee ever by My side.

All thy troubles and sorrows I'll share
All thy wants shall be my care,
I'll pour my spirit into Thy soul
And keep thee safe within the fold.

Thy peace no man shall take away
Walk strictly in the narrow way,
Then my beauty you will behold
When I my glory shall unfold.

The Love of Christ

O the death that Jesus died for me
On the cross of calvary,
Oh what love and what compassion
For our lost and ruined condition.

His hands and feet were nailed fast
To redeem our soul at last,
The blood flowed down His wounded sid
To redeem a world so wide.

Oh that from temptation I was free
That I could wholly worship Thee
That I with Jesus should ever be
Forever in eternity.

All glory to His holy name
To the heavenly Father be the same,
O, Holy Ghost, one yet three
We worship the holy Trinity.

Keep Me Humble

Holy Jesus, keep me Thine
May thy pure love within me shine,
May my spirit ever be
Humble, obedient unto Thee.

O keep me humble in the dust
That I may always watch and trust,
From temptation keep me free
That I may only worship Thee.

Simply to Thy cross I'll cling
Sorrow and cares to Thee I'll bring,
Holy Jesus, save my soul
Keep me safe within the fold.

All honor to Thy glorious name
For ever and ever be the same,
Holy angels sing Thy praise
Unto Thee their voices raise.

And when I pass through death's dark land
Holy Jesus, take my hand,
Unto Thee I'll sing Thy praise
When with Jesus I shall raise.

Redeem Your Time.

Your time is swiftly gliding by
With troubles and cares and many a sigh,
To be redeemed, should be your cry.
What have you done for Jesus?

CHORUS :—Jesus suffered all for me
Hanged upon the accursed tree,
He alone can set you free.
What have you done for Jesus ?

You have gathered up lots of gold in store,
Your barns are full unto the door,
You think you never can be poor.
What have you done for Jesus?

The Master comes to-night my friend
On earth you've no more time to spend,
Eternity, it has no end.
What have you done for Jesus?

Oh! ask of mercy, make up your mind,
Those evil works and ways decline,
Henceforth to live and do the right
To go and work for Jesus.

For Jesus is the sinner's friend
He came to live on earth with men,
To teach us what we ought to do.
Oh! go and work for Jesus.

The King and the Blind Beggar.

Thoughts on Mr. Moody's sermon on Nov. Massey Hall, Toronto.

e blind beggar called upon the King one day
en passing through the city He pas'd his way
is dark, I cannot see;
, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

e blind man then hosanna did sing
d through that city his voice it did ring,
r Jesus had healed him and bid him go free
e blind man said thankfully, I can see, can see

sin and shame how many are blind
eak all evil words to each other unkind,
t listen and hear what Jesus will say
u may have your spiritual eyesight to-day

n, woman and child, wherever you are
t look and see the gates ajar,
r Jesus is waiting to bid you go free
e blind beggar now the King he could see.

e the King in his beauty and love divine
s holy love on your face will shine,
en dwell with Jesus for ever more
on the great eternal shore.

Waiting.

Waiting in silence, watchful in prayer
Oh may my God my soul prepare,
For the Master will come as a thief in the nigh
May I be ready to take my flight.

Cho:—Waiting to welcome the King of King
Listen, the angels his praises they sing
Oh help me then my voice to raise
I also would sing the Saviour's praise.

Waiting to know when the bridegroom is here
At the feet of Jesus contented so near,
Sorrow and trouble is gone with all care
I shall with Jesus eternity share.

Waiting to walk in a robe of pure white
The army of Jesus led on by His might.
A crown of bright glory I then shall wear
When I shall with Jesus eternity share.

Waiting to welcome the King in his beauty
Christians arise, attend to your duty,
What power and love will shine in his face
Waiting alone, I'm saved by God's grace.

Weary.

Tune Swanee River.

Sin sick, sad and weary
Far from Thee I roam,
Take me in thy arms dear Jesus
Come and take the wanderer home.

Alone you see I have fallen
Into the depths of sin,
Nothing but Thy blood can redeem me
Come and take the wanderer in.

I will arise and go to Jesus
Repenting of my sins,
Then my Jesus will forgive me
He will take me in.

And with his arms enfolded round me
I know I cannot fall,
Satan and his charms cannot harm me
Oh hear the blessed call.

And now I live with Jesus
All is peace within,
For Jesus is my Saviour
He is my heavenly King.

All my friends that have gone before
I shall meet up there,
Then my blessed Jesus
I shall Thy glory share.

Look Up.

Tune 66—There is no one left to love
that little boy of mine.

The heavenly gates are opened wide just he
angels sing
For Jesus Christ the Saviour is our heavenly
Just listen to the Cherubims as they their anthe
The lamb that was slain but lives again for y
for me did die.

Then if you follow Jesus He'll be your heavenly
And you shall live forever and loud His praise
From victory to victory you shall go on
All glory be to Jesus and this shall be our song

Live with charity with all men and you shall
find
The blessed love of Jesus it on your face will
Be willing and submissive, walk in the narro
Always look to Jesus and you will win the da

And when you cross the narrow stream He'
you on the way,
He'll lead you out of darkness into the light
You will behold the Jasper walls and walk the
of gold
And then your loving Jesus his glories will

Take My Heart.

Take my heart, oh Father, take it
Take and make it all thine own,
Turning from the path unholy
Of this proud and sinful world.

Humble at the foot of the cross
Oh may my soul not be lost,
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend
On Thee, Oh God, my soul depends.

Oh, guide me, Father with thine eye
I pray leave me not alone,
Under the shadow of thy wing
Father claim me for thine own.

Jesus, when death surrounds my soul
Hand in hand, lead thou me on;
When Zion I reach, bless His name
Sing praise, Hallelujah.

- PART 2 -

The Boy That Was Hiding.

Within a dark garret in a tenement house
A good man discovered one day
A heap 'neath the rafters, of shavings and chips
On which a poor little lad lay,
Pray what are you doing in this place my boy?
Be sure that you answer me well
With fear and with trembling he made this reply
"I'm hiding, but please sir don't tell!"

CHORUS.

I'm hiding, I'm hiding, I've answered you well
I'm hiding, I'm hiding, but please sir don't tell.

From what are you hiding in this place my boy?
Why lay upon this rude bed?
Your mother where is she, why does she not come?
He answered, "Kind sir, she is dead."
Then where is your father, why not go to him?
"Please hush sir, don't tell him, look here,
Just see how I'm wounded with cruel hard blows
And then you will know why I fear."

The Boy that was hiding (continued)

Who beat you like this my boy, what was it fo
My father sir, he could not fail,
My father got drunk sir, I'm sorry to tell
And beat me cause I would not steal;
Kind friends at a mission sir, told me of God,
Of Jesus my Saviour, and heaven,
My father may kill me, I'll never steal more,
I'll pray sir, that he'll be forgiven.

You must not stay longer my boy you will die,
Wait patiently here till I come,
I'm going away a kind lady to see
I'll find you a happier home
Oh! thank you, kind sir, but just wait ere you g
Let me sing you a sweet little song
The motherless friendless bruised and forlorn
The song about Jesus the Lord.

His song at last ended he said "Sir good-bye."
The stranger departed for aid
But soon he returned, climbed the ladder an
found
That Jesus had had come in his stead.
The chips and the shavings lay there as befor
The lad yet lay on the rude bed
One hand in his bosom one hand by his sid
But the poor little fellow was dead.

The Blind Man

Father, imagine if you can
The hardships of a poor blind man,
Who in this world is bound to be
Shut out from all he pines to see.

Mother, that lad upon your knee
Your own is good and fair to see,
But in life's duties short decree
Is crushed and blind he cannot see.

Sister, all dark I cannot see
But pray do not weep for me,
Do duty's call with all your might
Trust in God and do the right.

Brother, I face the world with thee
You rise, I stop, I cannot see,
Weary and sad I work my way
All will be well I know some day.

The King's Highway

Kind friends please pay attention to what I have to say
I try to make my living upon the King's Highway,
I want to do my duty, my cross is hard to wear
Please give me your sympathy my burden to bear.

I led my gang to work as well as any man
They brought me home in the evening, surmise it if you can
With my face all shattered and broken, one eye lay on my cheek
My leg and arm were broken, and blinded for life, why weep,

But I am only one of many who fell at duty's call
For myself I ask no pity, but for my family that is all,
My little children sitting on my knee, looking to my face, oh
(God, I cannot see
Such a cross is very hard to bear, I know with me, you will
agree.

When you meet me on the king's htghway don't pass me by
(with scorn
For God's all seeing eye is just, you to might have to mourn,
For a cup of cold water in Christ's name
Shall be rewarded for the same.

While all is dark to me below
Christ will wash me white as snow,
The star of hope within my breast
One day I shall see and be at rest.

Jolly Jack Tar

All the watch around the capstan does sing
We weigh up the anchor, the fiddler joins in,
Square yards to the wind let the sails fall free
Hurrah my lads for the deep rolling sea.

CHO—I am a jolly jack tar, ship ahoy!
We stand to our guns or aloft my boy,
My messmates join in and loudly they sing
Like true British sailors, we fight for the
(Queen.

Drums beat to quarters, the gunner he shouts
And spikes right and left run in or run out,
The powers all know that we do our work clean
We will blow all their ships to "fiddler's green"

We will court no danger and fear no foe
But defend our country wherever we go,
Liberty, freedom, we defend the right
Like true British heroes defend the fight.

Captain on deck like a king takes command
Issues his orders we all understand,
Aloft or below we gallantly go
Like jolly sailors I want you to know.

What is Man

Remember man thou art but dust, must die
Diamonds or gold death will not hear thy cry
Prepare thy soul for the great world unknown
For only Jesus can thy soul atone.

On guard at our post we silently sit
We are subjects to scorn and sarcastic wit,
Only ignorance, ill mannered unkind,
To make their wit at the expense of the blind.

Not all alike there are noble hearts that beat
To help the blind they meet upon the street,
But we all must to the will of God resign
Friends, it was not my will that I am blind.

Then duty's call, some work, some wait,
But onward, upward to the golden gate,
But we must let the Master work his way
Through the eye of faith look up and say.

I'll carry my cross, through my sorrow be brave
Remember the man of sorrows who gave,
His life for thy ransom he paid it
All glory to God and hear the Masters' call.

Read This

The Labor day of Ninety-five
With our City Fathers all alive,
The labor organizations are going for a run
Off to the Island Park for fun.

Visitors from every nation
Come to our city for recreation,
To get rest for their body as well as their mind,
The Island Park will suit them fine.

Steamboats carry passengers all along the line
Off to the Park you will find,
Tired mothers with sick children will get a good breeze
It will save the expense of going down to the sea.

On the sands by the lake shore I say it is fine
Thoughts steal o'er you almost sublime
To hear the wash and the water roll
It sounds like music in your soul.

The waters are dotted with graceful swans
As if it was touched with a magic wand,
The new Iron Bridge is all complete
The Island Park is quite a treat.

The Ferris wheel and round about,
Just hear the children laugh and shout,
For a game of foot-ball sir, or base
The Island Park is just the place.

To spend a summer's day
Take in the balmy breeze and hear the band play,
Or if you want a pic-nic or a good cup of tea
Take a boat at Yonge street and come along with me.

If in Toronto you should chance to roam on a summer day
Be sure you see the Island Park before you go away,
A pleasure you will not forget no matter where you be,
So take the boat at Yonge street and come along with me.

Stand by the Life Buoy.

Go help thy brother you see he is sinking
In sin and crime away he is drifting
He thinks he is forsaken and lost
Go tell him of Jesus who died on the cross.

CHORUS—Stand by the life buoy
Some brother is drifting away
Go help thy brother to Jesus
For Jesus can save him to-day.

Jesus will speak peace to thy troubled soul
And bring you back into his fold
All your sins will be washed away
Then you may rejoice and say.

Walk strictly in the narrow way
Put on your armour watch and pray
Oh keep us humble in the dust
That I may in my Saviour trust.

Our Blacksmith

Our neighbor Churly is a jolly good fellow
He rolls up his sleeves when he blows his (bellows
He always strikes when the iron is red-hot
To keep himself and his family in his own (little cot.

So merrily the anvil was ringing to-day
Up Christie Street as I passed that way,
He shoes his horses neat and strong
As he drives in the nails you can hear his (song.

His forge is going from morn till night
The sparks from his anvil it is a fair sight,
Sleighs, wagons or buggies he will make or (repair
As long as he does your patronage share.

Our blacksmith is both tall and strong
Give him a job, he wont keep you long,
He'll turn it out in right good style
Pay him the money and see him smile.

Mother

Those dove like eyes and winning face
From my memory never can be chased,
In this world or any other
Never can I forget my dear mother.

Gently bending o'er my bed
Asking God's blessing on my head,
That my path may be bright and clear
As through this world my course I steer.

Our dearest mother our wants attend
And while we sleep our clothes she mends,
Not forgetting our dear father
Who is so kind as gentle mother.

A true mother's love can never be told
It's purer than the finest gold,
When she dies that heavenly band to swell
May I with Jesus and mother dwell.

To My Friend

Friend of my heart I miss thee
Thy vacant chair is bare,
Only gone on before lad
You know we shall meet up there.

Our sorrows and joys we told
When the days were long and cold,
Read the paper through to me
My friend, you knew I could not see.

I miss thy manly voice sure
Of a welcome at your door,
Shared the best you had, lad
Friend Dun, I feel so sad.

Mrs. Dun, he loved you well
Now please do not weep or fret,
Side by side you have done your part
As one gentle loving heart.

How he loved his girls and boys
With all his manly heart,
Right up to the very last
He played a good father's part.

Father in thy great mercy
The widow, fatherless see,
Up hold them with thy right hand
Until Jesus makes you free.

Our Sister

Sweet peace be to thy soul dear sister
Such love and kindness, how we missed her,
Thy sufferings here were so severe
With Jesus thy Saviour thy soul is clear.

Rest for thy body, free from all care
Thou art gone to thy mansion which Christ did
(prepare,
In paradise from glory to glory thou shall go
Being taught by dear Jesus he'll make you white
(as snow.

Dear sister Lucy you are only gone before
From light to light passed to the other shore,
When I cross the river may I with Jesus go
And on the Heavenly shore, sister Lucy I shall
(know.

Dear sister, our loss is your gain
Your mission on earth is at an end,
May all the sisters of St. John the divine
In heaven dear sister Lucy find.

Oh soldier of Jesus lay thy arms at his feet
God has called thy soul from his mercy seat,
Bidden thee to rise, the saint's band to swell
A crown on thy head with Jesus to dwell.

From glory to glorp thou shalt go on and on
Shining the image of God's dear Son,
Perfect peace and happiness is thine
Around the throne of God to shine.

Our Fireman

God bless our firemen noble and bold
Who brave every danger through heat and cold,
All honor to our firemen manly and gay
Where duty calls they fly to obey.

They watch and listen to catch the alarm
Then off to the fire they go like a charm,
We brave every danger our strength to display
When duty calls we fly to obey.

They climb the ladders some soul to save
Or with branch pipe in hand the fire brave,
God bless their manly souls we say
When duty calls we fly to obey.

Our city is blest it is plain to behold
Our noble fireman are worth more than gold,
When danger threatens we hear them say
Where duty calls we fly to obey

May we watch and listen the last trumpet to hear
May they with Jesus their Saviour appear,
Ready, aye ready, we hear each one say
Where duty calls we fly to obey.

Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue
Who's deeds we all much admire,
Then Hurrah for our lads dressed in blue
Who saves and protects us from fire.

The Blind Man's Daughter

Ada, you are my little queen
Although your face I've never seen,
For you have been my eyes to day
To lead you father on his way.

On the sidewalks about the town
You lead me on my daily round,
Or when to a neighbor's a visit I pay
You guide me that I may not stray.

Oh Ada, do you understand
That Jesus dwells at God's right hand,
And if you always watch and pray
He will lead you on your way.

Ada, may you ever be
Pure, innocent and free,
And may your path forever shine
With deeds of kindness you've left be-
(hind

Ada darling, though we are poor
I know we'll meet on the other shore,
With our heavenly Father we shall be
And then my little queen I'll see.

Mr. Boyne to a Friend

O dearest mother wherever I may roam
I never can forget thee nor my girlhood home,
And sacred to my memory is thy dear brother (Tom
But now he is with the Saviour to heaven he (has gone.

You sent him off to Wakefield his health to (recover
With medical assistance but soon they did dis- (cover,
Poor Tom's life was limited his race was nearly (run
From a world of trouble and care to a world to (come.

I oftimes picture to myself dear Tom I loved (so well
In our little home, Moortown, wherein we used (dwell,
But now he's gone to heaven and with God above
Is with a loving Saviour receiving love for love.

Dear Mother, I never shall forget thee tho' far (across the sea
I will ask God's blessing on your head where're (you be
And, dear mother, if on earth we meet no more
May we all meet together on God's eternal shore.

Boyne's Lament

O heart that is broken and soul that is sad
Why are you troubled or why feel so bad,
Neglecting a Saviour, so good and so kind
To all his children seeing or blind.

Our chances past which ne'er shall be returned
Or deeds done or friendships spurned,
But listen awhile to me I pray
I'll tell you why I'm sad to-day.

February month to me ever will accursed be
For from that time t'was willed I no more (should see,
Blown up was I with dynamite
And that was how I lost my sight.

Fathers imagine if you can
The hardships of a poor blind man,
Who on this earth is bound to be
Shut out from all he pines to see.

But this sad life will soon be o'er
And we'll enter on the other shore,
With all those I love to see
Forever in eternity.

The Race

In the race of life I've been outrun, so please on me take pity
Though blind, I've come t settle down, in this great Toronto (city
Of all the cities I've been in, where the chirping sparrow perches
It is the greatest one of all for its charities and churches.

In this race you'll plainly see that Christ's church is the goal
And all who start to win the race must not play the fool,
In starting you must careful be, no false weights to carry
For in this race, my friend, you'll have no time to tarry.

Keep up good heart and steadfast be, if you would not tumble
You will find trouble on your way, tis easy now to stumble,
But if your training right has been you'll sure to be the gainer
Then you'll sit down with the King and be his guest forever.

All glory to our God and King, we see this race has started
So never be deceived with sin nor never be faint-hearted,
For when the laurelled crown you have won
You'll forever live with God's dear Son.

The Blind Shall See

The beauties of nature I no longer see
The birds, the trees, or the humming bee,
Then farewell to this valley of tears
Behold, my blessed Saviour appears.

In regions of glory with its beauties untold
Whose walls are of jasper and streets of bright (gold,
In mansions of glory and a robe of pure white
I shall dwell with my Saviour and have a clear sight.

O blind of this world, why will you not see
O come unto Jesus and thou shalt be free,
For Jesus is calling, calling for thee
The spirit is waiting from its bondage to flee.

In that heavenly land where all sorrow is gone
We'll sing unto Jesus that ever new song,
Hunger nor thirst there never shall be
All glory to God the whole Trinity.

The Sabbath

The Sabbath bells are chiming clear
  Bidding the people of God draw near,
It is the best pay of the seven
  To prepare our souls for heaven.

The hum of the city now is stopped
  And the chiming bells their echoes drop,
Sounds of a nation singing praise
  Unto God their voices raise.

Our trials and troubles we bring to Him
  For God is the Almighty King,
He will guide us on our way
  If we humbly watch and pray,

To Jesus then for salvation cry
  O Lord to save us or else we die,
He will light us on our way
  To an eternal Sabbath day.

Our Sabbath day will soon be past
  O receive our souls at last,
Then loud anthems we will sing
  All glory to the Immortal King.

The Old Home

In a neat little cottage how well I remember
The snow coming down in the month of December,
By the fire a father and mother I see
Telling the story of their children three.

Now the father with old age was bent
His race was nearly run,
The gray haired mother a picture lent
As she sat by the fire and spun.

Our Jack a noble boy was he
He entered into the Queen's navy,
He sends us letters with money to back
God bless and keep our sailor Jack.

Our dear boy Tom was tall and strong
When from our home he started,
A soldier ten years to serve so long
We were nearly broken hearted.

Our daughter Mary, that little pet
You know on her our hearts was set,
I would not call her back she's gone to rest
And with the Saviour she is blest.

Wife you have played a noble part
You have been good to me,
Yes, dear John, you've done your best
We've loved our children three.

The Blind Man to his Boy

My boy, when I launch my bark away
Across the narrow stream to stay,
The loving God who guards us here
Will guide your father through all clear.

My boy, my boy, my bark cannot be lost
Although it might be tempest tossed,
Dark and rough may be the waves
My boy remember Jesus saves.

My boy, with faith look up to Him
You too must cross the narrow stream,
It may not be yet for a little while
But God will call you too, my child.

Take up your cross then every day
Walk strictly in the narrow way,
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright
Trust in God and do the right.

It is not far from shore to shore
All praise to God whom we adore,
Holy spirit, heavenly dove
Give us thy blessing from above.

O Father may we all be Thine
May Thy pure love within us shine,
May I meet my Father all above
Where we will give Thee love for love.

The Wandering Boy's Return

My mother's prayers were not in vain,
I will return to God again;
Ask forgiveness for the past,
Jesus can save a poor outcast.

CHORUS :—

Alien from God for many years,
My mother's prayers ring in my ears,
From the downward way I trod,
I now look up to mother's God.

In sin and vice there is no joy,
Mother take back your wayward boy;
At thy knee would I kneel and pray,
For Jesus to save my soul to-day.

In heaven you will see your boy,
Praise God together, oh what joy,
How the angels they all will sing
When the outcast boy is brought in.

Thanksgiving Day of '96

I'm thankful for Thy loving care,
Health, food and clothes, I've had my share,
Blind, by the wayside, I seek my bread,
By thy loving hand I have been fed.

I am thankful for friends of the past
In mercy may their friendship last,
To cheer a poor brother by the way,
For time is short we cannot stay.

In gratitude I look up to Thee,
Monuments of mercy Lord are we,
All the rich and poor on Thee depend
We pray Thee O God ; Thy blessing send.

We thank Thee best for Thy gift of love,
For sending us Jesus from above,
To die on the Cross our souls to save
For all poor sinners His life He gave.

Then with thankful hearts our voice we raise,
To give the Heavenly Father praise,
Trusting in Thee for Thy tender care,
O Lord may we all Thy glory share.

Sorrow all gone in the City of Light,
Jesus reigns supreme and O so bright ;
Friends of Toronto here let me say,
'Tis a continual Thanksgiving Day.